

Lover Boy by egirldallon

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Angsty Bill Denbrough, Bill beats Richie's ass, Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, Eddie is just a caring babey, Established Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Established Relationship, Fights, M/M, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier is Whipped, Richie knows for a fact eddies THE one, Soft Eddie Kaspbrak, Soft Richie Tozier, Soulmates-ish, The House on 28 Neibolt Street (IT)

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Maggie Tozier, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-12-07

Updated: 2019-12-07

Packaged: 2019-12-16 20:15:43

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,321

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

The Neibolt scene but Reddie.

Lover Boy

Richie feels tears run down his face. His only thought being "Eddie. Eddie. Eddie." The moment Sonia Kaspbrak skidds away, Eddie in the passenger seat, tears in his eyes, Richie feels his emotions bubble over.

"N-now that we k-know what we have tah-to d-do. W-we can come back a-and duh-defeat him." Bill stutters out, gesturing with his hands.

"No Bill." Richie, says, eyes filled with hot, angry, sad, devastating tears.

Bill quirks an eyebrow and Beverly folds her arms.

"I can't go back into that fucking house, Bill!"

"Buh-but-" He's cut off.

"But nothing! My fucking boyfriend was almost fucking killed! The love of my goddamn life was just assaulted by a psycho fucking clown and you want me to fucking go back into that crack house!?"

"We huh-have to!"

"No Bill! We fucking don't! Look at Ben, he's fucking leaking hamburger helper! Not to fucking mention my fucking boyfriend! He's probably sitting next to his overbearing mother," The losers are stunned to silence, Richie never got this emotional, this raw. Bill's hand is clenched, knuckles white and tight. "She's probably fucking talking his ear off about how shit I am, how shit we are and how we're fucked up people and can't hang out with him!" Richie's voice is thick and angry and he's getting really close to Bill's face.

"You can't fucking make me fucking go back into that death house, while Eds sits at home with me not being able to fucking see him!" no one hears the soft "I almost lost the love of my life." he mutters out.

Bill takes a threatening step towards Richie. "We're going back." he's stern and he is ready for a fight.

"I said no Bill! I'm not going to risk mine and my boyfriends life so you can find your dead brother!" Richie fires back.

Bill hauls back and punches Richie right on his cheek. Richie stumbles back, landing hard on his ass. "Fuck you!"

He jumps back up and tackles Bill, however he immediately slams the taller boy onto the ground, his glasses flying back. Mike runs to Bill, trying to pull him off, tugging at him. Bill begins to punch Richie mercilessly, not bothered by his pleading friends or the tugging at his back. Richie can't even find the will to fight back, to even try and push him off. He can only let himself take it, and cry, let tears mingle with blood. Mike finally pulls him off and pushes him away, getting to Richie.

Richie just takes a few seconds to compose himself before getting up, grabbing his glasses getting his bike and taking a look at them. Richie wipes away his tears and swipes the blood on his jeans. He turns to leave, ignoring Stan's protests.

"What the fuck is your problem Bill?" Stan asks.

Bill turns towards him, still on an adrenaline high that makes him step to Stan aggressively.

"You know how much Eddie means to Richie, you know how worried he gets when Eddie even coughs." He pauses. "It's summer and they're supposed to be hanging out together, we just want to have fun. Not get murdered by a clown."

"If I huh-hear someone s-say that i-its summer o-one more tuh-time."

"What you'll beat us up like you just did Rich?" Stan jabs, turning away and getting on his bike.

Bev locks eyes with Bill and holds his hand.

"I'm gonna go take care of Richie, we know he isn't going to do it himself." Stan says, "We know he's going to sit in his room until Eddie comes back."

Stan bikes away, hoping to meet Richie on the way home. He does,

and takes him to a pharmacy, to clean him up, to comfort him, and he sends him back home.

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Eddie has been cooped in his house for a few days. He's been getting stir crazy and dearly misses his boyfriend.

"Mommy, I'm going to get my medication at the pharmacy."

"Be careful Eddie-bear, come right back home, you're sick." Sonia says softly, letting him kiss her cheek.

Eddie bikes to Richie's house, excitedly and impatiently. He throws his bike down when he arrives, the door swings open and a very bruised Richie runs out and into Eddie's arms. Eddie walks into the house, letting Richie hug onto him.

"Hi Eddie!" Maggie greets, smiling.

"Hi Maggie." Eddie responds "I'm gonna take him up to his room."

"Okay, have fun and I'm making lunch, I'll bring it up."

"Thank you Maggie."

Richie stays hugged onto him tightly. Eddie gets into his room, and Richie finally lets go and sits on his bed. Eddie wipes away Richie's tears and kisses his cheek.

"I'm s-sorry I let you get h-hurt." Richie wails out in between sobs.

Eddie hugs Richie close and tight. "No, 'Che. It's okay, this wasn't your fault baby. I promise baby."

Richie continues to cry, wetting Eddie's collar. "Y-you're h-hurt and I c-couldn't help you."

Eddie caresses his cheek and kisses his head. "No, it's okay. I promise. You couldn't have helped me. But you distracted me from the fucking clown, from my pain, and that's amazing baby."

Richie snuffles and coughs a bit. "Okay." He mumbles out.

Eddie slides a finger under Richie's chin and lifts his head up. "What happened to your face 'Che?"

"Bill happened. He beat my ass." He replies, sighing.

Eddie gently traces over Richie's black eye, cuts, and bruises. "He did what now?!" His voice contrasting his light touch.

"I said some shit, like always, because I can't shut up and he lost it. All I was trying to do was keep you safe."

"No, he shouldn't have done that baby."

"No, I said something about Georgie."

"I don't care what you said Rich," He kisses his temple. "He shouldn't have hurt you."

Richie looks down to his hands and fumbles with his thumbs. Eddie pushes Richie down to where his back is flush against his bed. He straddles him and kisses his nose.

"I love you 'Che."

Richie strokes through Eddie's smooth hair and graces his fingers over his features. Eddie feels tears drip from his eyes and splash onto the boy beneath him's cheeks.

"Why're you cryin' Ed's?"

"I'm so lucky to have you, someone who cares so much for me and will get his ass beat, much to my dismay, to keep me safe, even if he doesn't need to. You're just so special 'Che."

Eddie kisses him again, trying to gain something from the kiss, trying to make Richie feel comfortable. Eddie caresses his cheek lightly and softly.

"I know we're only like 14 Eddie but, I never want to be with anyone but you. We've been together since we were 11, and I don't want to

know a day without you. You're the love of my life." Richie mutters out, making soft, loving eyes at his boyfriend.

Eddie collapses into Richie, he clings to him, breathing softly and blushing hard. Richie sits up and Eddie cuddles into his side. They stay like that, Eddie snuggling into Richie's frequent touches.

"Hey boys, I made you guys grilled cheese." Maggie opens the door to her son's room.

She smiles as they look up from their cuddled position. "Please eat." She sets the food on his bed and the lemonade on his night stand.

Richie nods and wipes his face, he brings the plate chock full of grilled cheese into his lap. Eddie feeds Richie some food, vise versa, they just indulge in each other's embrace.

When they finish eating, the smaller boy ends up on his lover's lap, making out, Eddie genuinely not caring about germs. It's hot, heavy, loving and safe.

"Do you need to go home Eds?" Richie asks, breathless and loving.

"No, I'm not going back there." Eddie shakes his head and kisses his boyfriends' neck.

"Wanna stay here tonight?"

"Absolutely." he leans down and kisses Richie again.

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